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THE BETTER CHOICE.

BY ELIZABETH KIRK.

Had I the power to choose to-day
The path wherein my feet should stray
The remnant of this earthly way,
I wonder where 'twould lead?
To right or left would first step be,
Eastward or westward, land or sea,
And if in choosing to be free
I should be free indeed?

How much of courage should I bring
To this unguided journeying,
How many antenae should I sing
Of hope and trust and praise,
Of gratitude for dangers past,
For sunlit paths and skies o'ercast,
For troubles that abate or cease,
For God's blessing on our ways?

This way or that? Ah me! how blind
These human eyes we soon should find,
This human choosing how unkind,
That knows not how to choose!
That finds no comfort in defeat,
No healing balm for bleeding feet,
No tender presence near and sweet—
Ah, this is heaven to lose!

Dear Father, closer clasp my hand;
And if I may not understand
The devious paths to Thy fair land,
Teach me to trust, I pray.
Help me to feel from soul to soul,
That on Thy errands I shall run,
And that "Thy will, not mine, be done,"
Till comes the perfect day.

FLORIDA SKETCHES.

BY G. GARY BUSH, PH. D.

II.

A TYPICAL TOWN.

It is a shire-town. Established before the Civil War, it had but a slow growth until a few years ago, when northern capital turned its course southward, and northern people began to discover the advantages of a winter's residence in a warmer climate. From an insignificant village it has now become a city of between two and three thousand inhabitants, and in a radius of more than thirty miles there is as yet no town worthy to set up any claim of rivalry. Traversed already by two railroads, and with a third projected, it has reasonable hopes of becoming within a short period a railroad centre of no mean importance. As yet, however, its depots are unarchitectural and primitive in appearance, and leave the impression of large, barn-like warehouses. The luxury of paved or concreted streets it does not enjoy, but in this respect it is not unlike many larger cities of the South. In fact, the demand for such streets is not so great as at the North, for the soil is mostly sand, and this is too heavy to be much blown about.

The town is built upon a slight elevation—what might, perhaps, in Florida be called a hill; for the face of the country is so nearly level, that whatever bit of land aspires to overlook its neighbors, is thought worthy here to receive the appellation of highlands. Our first impression, as we go up (?) from the station towards the "square," is of a pleasant country street with comfortable houses on either side which present no marked contrast to similar northern homes, except in their lack of cellars, and for these Florida has no use; that is, she does not need them in winter for protection against frost, and in summer experience has shown that they are much more likely to resemble furnaces than refrigerators. Surrounding many of the houses are fruit gardens, and in these the sweet, the bitter-sweet and the bitter orange trees predominate; but other varieties of fruits, like the banana, the lemon, the lime, and the Japan plum are also grown. Vegetable gardens are seen here and there, but these are rare.

As we reach the square we find ourselves not only very nearly in the topographical centre of the town, but also in its business mart and centre of its life. It is an open area of some two acres, and is evidently supposed to be a "Green," but the little grass that once ventured to grow has either been trodden down, or has perished by heat or through lack of nu-

tritions soil. In the centre of this area stands a two-story brick building, apparently of recent construction. A broad hall runs through the lower floor and broad stairways lead from this to the floor above. This is the county court-house. The sessions of the court held here are commonly important occasions, or thought to be so, and large numbers of the people from the country about are attracted hither. The court proceedings, or the preliminaries thereto, are of a somewhat primitive order: When the court is ready to be convened, a head is projected from a window on the second floor, and a voice is heard saying, "All yese that have business with the court, come in!" This is the voice of the crier. Not long after, if a criminal case is to be tried, the voice may be heard again from the window calling the prisoners by name (who are probably on bail), and also the witnesses. As each name is called a response is usually heard in some part of the square below. Perhaps the lawyers who are to try the case are not in court. To bring them in, ahead is thrust from the window—this time it is a colored officer—a loud call by name is made for the dilaatory counsel to appear. Thus in time the court is ready to proceed with the case.

In the town of which we are speaking the jail has not yet been built. A native, sitting in the doorway of the court-house, volunteers the information that some two miles from town there is "a hole" where prisoners are kept. To the query, if the "hole" is strong enough to hold the prisoners, the reply is: "It is, if a guard, armed with a musket, stands outside and doesn't fall asleep."

This public square is bounded by a mammoth hotel, by fine brick blocks containing bants and stores, and by a variety of smaller stores, shops and saloons on three sides, and on the fourth side by a fine residence, set in the midst of orange trees, and by an open space made desolate by a recent fire. The hotel depends for its support mainly upon northern guests; the stores are largely filled with northern manufactures and products, and behind the counters of many of these stores are northern clerks. Until recently nearly all the business was confined to this square, but it is now stretching out beyond. From the square as a centre, shaded streets extend in different directions, whose dwellings, embowered in orange and other fruit trees, are scarcely visible. Farther out, forming the outskirts of the town, are the negro cabins, often-times very neatly kept, but consisting usually of only two rooms.

Some of these fruit gardens look very attractive to eyes unaccustomed to them. Here where the ripe oranges are hanging from the trees we are welcome to enter. The house is a poor affair—only one-story high, with shingles decayed and falling from it. For some reason—probably because it is thought to be healthier—the house is raised some five or six feet above the ground, and to reach its broad veranda we ascend a flight of steps, above which a projecting roof has been built. This veranda, besides running around the house, runs through it, cutting it in two, and making an open hall from front to back about twelve feet wide. On either side of this hall are two doors opening into as many rooms, and back of these on one side is the winter kitchen, which, as there is no parlor, is really a continuation of the central hall. This hall is the breeziest part of the house, and is used as the dining-room, except for a few weeks when the weather is too cool. Separated from the main house, some ten or fifteen feet back of it, is the summer kitchen. As we walk about the house and garden the air is heavily laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms, for it is March, the month most favorable to the opening of the orange buds. Most of the sweet oranges have been picked, but here and there a few may be seen nearly imbedded in the blossoms. A ladder is placed against one of these trees, and by its aid we ascend through the thorny branches and the clustered blossoms, fifteen feet or more, to the top, where we enjoy the pleasant experience of helping ourselves to some fine, ripe fruit. Near by are other trees hanging quite full of beautiful-looking oranges, but,

upon being tested, they are found to be either bitter or bitter-sweet—a very healthful fruit for the spring-time, but usually not so agreeable to the taste. The trees in this garden are about eighteen years old; and the most fruitful bear at least fifteen hundred oranges each, which, however, is not a large yield.

The owner of this prosperous garden and breeze-inviting cottage has the thin, bronzed visage which often distinguishes the born Southerner. Over forty years ago—that is, before the close of the Seminole War—he came from Georgia and settled in central Florida. A few months later malaria seized him, and for more than a year held him captive in its terrible grasp, until one day an itinerant pill-vender, coming his way, had compassion upon him and set him free. Since then there has never been any return of the malady. As strong as is his attachment to the old home, like most of his neighbors, he is quite willing to sell and start life anew.

Orange culture in Florida is now only in its infancy, and all about this town—which is but a type of many others—there are young orange orchards in all stages of growth from the recently budded to the bearing trees. In view of this fact, with the continuance of the present influx of Northern men and ideas, and the increase and improvement of fruit culture sure to follow, it is safe to predict that in another decade the typical Florida town will be greatly changed.

THE SOCIAL IDEAL OF PROPHECY.

BY EDWARD H. ROGERS.

Rev. Heber Newton, in a recent article on "The Social Ideal of Protestantism," states some interesting and novel views in a manner which calls for consideration. He presents certain facts showing that Germany, at the Reformation, was in a sad strait in other matters besides those more directly pertaining to religion. After outliving the uprising of the peasants at that time, under Munzer, and his shocking suppression in blood, he condenses in a few impressive paragraphs, as follows, the history of Protestantism in its relation to the social question:—

"The social ideal visioned by the Reformation was unrealized. The movement came to an abortive end; the aspiration turned into a sob of despair and died away. Through three centuries, ever and again, has it risen and urged in hope and effort for a better social order, a kingdom wherein dwellers in righteousness, which had come to the end of earthly kingdoms, and the setting up of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ; in the heroic labors of the Puritans to establish in England a rule of the saints; in the dauntless daring of the Pilgrim Fathers, crossing the great sea to found on our rocky shores of New England the commonwealth of free and brotherly citizens, which had come to naught in Old England; in the obscure little communities which dot our shores, embodying each an actual Christian community, in which the precepts of Jesus are carried out literally, and sweet German piety realizes the brotherhood of the sons of God; in the great movements of enlightened Christian feeling in Europe, where it has taken to itself the name given by Luther and Wesley and Thomas Hughes—Christian Socialism; in the lofty vision of Frenchmen like St. Simon, dreaming of the outcome of Christianity in a reconstructed society; in the solid structures of the new German political economy which with hard and scientific accuracy is laying the foundations for what have heretofore been dreams; in the mighty groundswell of the people beneath our feet, drawn by the old enthusiasm of justice and liberty—the groundswell which is sucking back to form the tidal wave, soon to set in upon our existing system—in all this I see the legacy of the social aspiration of humanity which breathed afresh in the Reformation."

He then proceeds to develop the facts concerning a similar wretched condition of society at the advent of Christ, using the following language:—

"Secretly, with fear and trembling, under cover of the night, in out-of-way places, in cellars and catacombs, these oppressed and despairing men, seeking for solace by instinct, seeking the fellowship of societies and orders, in which they should feel themselves men, and out of which they should draw present help and hope of future redress. Secret clubs and brotherhoods sprang up as by magic through the empire, with rites at once religious and social, especially a common meal—world-old symbol of a life in common. Amid this jostling mass of social aspiration, the powerful leaven of Christianity entered, with quick and astonishing results. In these strange subterranean gatherings was whispered the good news told by certain Jews of one Christ, a carpenter's son, a Son of God who had taught men to look for the speedy coming down upon earth of the kingdom of heaven. . . . This was the secret good news which below the

surface shot electric thrills throughout a weary world.
"The taunt of the cultured classes of pagan Rome is explained to us. Christianity was the social aspiration raised by the leaven of the Gospel of the kingdom at hand—a socialism whose aspiration was religion. We have forgotten the origin of our own Christianity, which, winning success, became the claim of the wealthy and the noble, and buried behind it the records of its own obscure birth."

The present condition of American working-people he sketches in the significant statements, that twenty per cent. of the people own eighty per cent. of our wealth; that there are few industries in which a workman can support his family without additional earnings from wife or children; and that we must no longer cherish the expectation of keeping the working classes about the level of their brothers in Europe.

I regret to say that this noble manifesto of a preacher who presents in his views and his character some of the best features of the Christian religion, is very defective in doctrine; his opinions and theories are naturalistic. The Book of Deuteronomy is magnified by him as a revelation from God through Moses. His highest authorities are the Hebrew prophets, and he assumes that Deuteronomy was the confession of faith originated by the reformers of King Josiah's time. Moses and Christ become thus subordinate characters, and the Supreme Being himself, if recognized at all, recedes to the background. To all this the Christian working people of the world will refuse their assent. Moses is our true leader in social matters; to him Christ constantly refers us, and the fast-ripening developments of the times are demonstrating that the hope of the poor of the world lies in the adoption by the Christian Church of the social principles of the Decalogue.

This is the true prophetic social ideal of the Scriptures; how can we apply it? I answer this question as follows:—

1. By all means to magnify the ideas embodied in the laws of God as given to Moses, including their social as well as their individual aims.
2. To study the Book of Proverbs as a collection of the best sayings of the Hebrew people who lived under the operation of those laws.
3. To read the Book of Ecclesiastes as a warning utterance of Solomon at the neglect of those laws, finding its true parallel in the weeping of Christ over Jerusalem.
4. To develop the whole prophetic question in such a comprehensive manner as to include a momentous crisis—now imminent—involving the second coming of Christ in a spiritual mystery; the sudden overthrow of Babylon—commercialism—and the expansion of the field of labor of the American churches by care for the bodies, as well as the souls, of men.

Chelsea, Mass.

BRISTOL, OLD AND NEW.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPER, D. D.

Bristol is chiefly known to many in the United States for its Miller Orphanages, but there is much beside to interest the visitor. A week's exploration has enhanced the value of its attractions. Dozens of the New World, if they have the happy historic sense, revel in the antiquities of the Old World; and in these Bristol richly abounds. Tradition ascribes its foundation as a town 380 B. C. It is pleasantly and healthfully situated on seven or eight hills, with an intervening valley through which flows the turbid Avon (pronounced A-von) in a curve resembling the "yellow Tiber," and thus has an acknowledged resemblance to Rome. Remains of many Roman camps are found in the vicinity, and it was called by Constantine the Great. For upwards of five hundred years Bristol was second only to London, but it has been outstripped in the commercial race, and to-day has but 220,000 population. It possesses manufactures of various kinds and an extensive commerce with continental and British ports, and also regular communication with the United States and Halifax. It is a matter of Bristolian pride that Sebastian Cabot, sailing from his native Bristol, discovered the American Continent in 1494; and in 1838 the

"Great Western," among the first of steam vessels, sailed from Bristol to New York.

The architectural remains, both in churches and private dwellings, are of marked interest. All Saints Church contains Anglo-Norman pillars from the twelfth century, and an old Tyndale Bible, blotted and marred by papal authority in 1534, in which the 5th verse of the 91st Psalm reads: "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid for any bugges by night;" an exemption, as I can affirm, that modern Bristol provides. The Cathedral contains an architectural gem, the chapter-house from the twelfth century, one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Norman in the kingdom. Queen Elizabeth said of the Redcliffe Church: "It was the fairest, the goodliest, and most famous parish church in England," and modern criticism substantiates the royal declaration. In this historic and unrivaled church is the monument to Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania, his coat-of-arms, sword and tattered banners. Through the open marble lattice work near the altar, called the Squints, lepers were permitted to see the officiating priest. A gate in the ancient wall, from the twelfth century, is also of interest, with a church built on the walls. Several private houses still remain from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in a good state of preservation, built with the old oaken timbers for the ages. Standing in admiration before one of the very oldest, I asked its occupant if it was built before the flood. Rounding a neighboring corner, I beheld another, with the large sign of "Noah's Ark," and a representation of the Ark below, so I felt I was not so much out of the way. But farther on and farther back in history, I come to "Adam and Eve Passage," a shaded lane, where I suppose our first parents walked in the heat of the day, under the shadow of the great buildings. How one rejoices to wander amid the hoary past, and go back to the beginning of things! We commend this undoubted historic verification to the special attention of Dr. Warren in his attempt to place Paradise. The Bristolians are clear upon this point.

Commercial Bristol has the flavor of letters. It has even its "poets' corner," in Chatterton; Coleridge, who began his literary life and was married in Bristol; Savage, who is here buried; Southey, poet-laureate; and in addition, Joseph Butler, author of the "Analogy," Sir Humphrey Davy, Bishop Eliot, Historian Hallam, Missionary Marshman, Novelist Miss Jane Porter, Hannah More and Schimmelpenninck. Charles Wesley, musician and organist to two kings, was a Bristolian, likewise his musical brother Samuel, both of whom were nephews of John Wesley.

This city has well earned the appellation of "Bristol the benevolent." Beside the world-famous Orphan Homes of George Müller, which were never more flourishing than now, whose venerated founder I found in good health in his 80th year, and just on the eve of his departure for the healthy air of the "Lake Country," there is a variety of homes, hospitals, refuges, asylums, for every class of the needy and criminal. There is also a most excellent system of compulsory schools, an anniversary of which I attended in the company of the president of the "School Board" in the very Five Points of Bristol, and was gratified to see prizes awarded to the poorest of the poor for excellence in Scriptural exercises. I visited also a novel Trautman's Home, where delinquents are housed and disciplined, and after several weeks of discipline and kindly attention, are, in almost every case, reformed and saved to the school and society. It is the possession and under the control of the "School Board."

Bristol has had its full share of revolutions, riots, pestilences, political and religious change and religious persecution. As a monument of the latter is Broadmead Baptist Chapel. It is the oldest dissenting sanctuary in Bristol. It was established in 1640 on purely Nonconformist principles, becoming first Union, then Baptist. At the close of the seventeenth century, its congregation was subjected to great persecution. There was a secret passage and trap door

by which the minister could escape, while the women thronging the entry and the stairs hindered the officers and gave the timely warning. It is a very large structure, containing a spacious audience-room, with smaller rooms and broad hall. The church is well attended and has present prosperity. It is of especial interest as associated with John Foster, who frequently officiated in the pulpit, and Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, who was one of its pastors. In the same street and in close proximity is the first Wesleyan chapel of Bristol. Built for John Wesley by Alderman Evans, it is now the property of Welsh Calvinists. I found the building in a good state of preservation, in most respects unchanged. It is back from the street, lighted chiefly by a skylight, its old-time gallery supported by large stone pillars. The chapel keeper lives in rooms above, and the minister's study and bedroom are still seen. Here Wesley and his successors slept, studied and preached, amid the generations that have passed away.

The Wesleyan place of worship, second in interest, is Portland Chapel, in Clifton, Bristol's finest suburb. It is a lesser Methodist Westminster Abbey. Its walls are covered with monumental tablets, chief of which is that of Capt. Webb, father and founder of the sanctuary. He is buried in a crypt below the chapel, in company with a multitude of the fathers. Within the memory of my guide funerals were held in this subterranean room. With candles fixed in the pillars dimly lighting the low, gloomy apartment, the services must have been dimly solemn and painfully impressive. The chief modern interest is in the tablet and hall in honor of Anne Sutton, both the gift chiefly of an admiring friend, Miss I. H. Westcott. Sutton Memorial Hall is a fine room, its sides and ceiling of polished wood, with a tasteful memorial window. It is used for prayer-meetings and kindred purposes. Anne Sutton was one of the most distinguished women of modern Methodism. She lived to the ripe age of 89. During the closing years of her life she was afflicted with blindness. She was alike remarkable for scholarship and sanctity. Amid difficulties and privations she mastered one language after another, modern, ancient and oriental. She became Methodism's foremost woman-preacher in Ireland, Wales and England, especially holding services for women. She was pre-eminent as a class-leader, popular, beloved and helpful. She was cheery, humble, devout; all her gifts and graces sweetly consecrated to the much-loved Master. The biography of Anne Sutton has been written, under the appropriate title: "Memorial of a Consecrated Life," by Miss I. H. Westcott, and published by the Wesleyan Book Room. The first edition rapidly sold, and the second, improved edition is before the public. It should be known and read on both sides of the Atlantic. We know of no modern biography among the women of Methodism that affords equal intellectual and spiritual stimulus. It should find a place in many Methodist homes, and its reading would be conducive to an increased number of "consecrated lives" to the dear Lord.

Our Exchanges.

BY EDITOR.

'Ear! 'Ear!

It is the sexton when he tells the bell that gets the congregation by the ear. Then it is the minister's business to hold them by the ear till the service is through. — *Christian Register.*

Christ's Triumph is Sure.

After all the boasts of the advance of infidelity, its advocates seem to lack cohesion and have not zeal enough to support, for any long time, any organized movement against Christianity. But its friends were never so aggressive and never made such efforts for its furtherance. — *Baptist Weekly.*

This on Beecher's "Evolution and Revolution."

It was a sad spectacle—that old man standing there trying to extinguish the lamps that have lighted the paths of millions to immortality, and offering nothing in their place but the unproved hypotheses of scientists who do not agree among themselves. — *Nashville Advocate.*

Then Give us More Whistlers.

Some of the newspaper paragraphists are amusing themselves at the expense

of the man who whistles, and the general conclusion at which they have arrived is that if he has more heart than the other man he generally has less brain. But they may put it down as a fact that the whistling man is superior in point of morality. The man who whistles hardly ever swears. And drunkards as a rule are no whistlers. — *Northern Christian Advocate.*

Must Old Men be Tedious?

The difficulty is, not to start these grand old men, but to stop them when started; they appear to be wound up like little clocks, and they must run down. This is a seductive habit to be guarded against when years increase; it may be wise to resolve upon being shorter as age inclines to be longer. It would be a pity to shorten our congregation by lengthening our discourse. — *Christian Intelligencer.*

A Prophecy that Ought to be Fulfilled.

A Georgia paper predicts that in three years at the longest there will not be a single retail liquor shop in that State. In less than a generation the people will look back into the past and talk about bar-rooms, and the children will ask, "What is a bar-room?" We fear these predictions will not be fulfilled in so brief a time, and yet we trust the happy day of deliverance from the rum power is not far away. — *New York Observer.*

Stupendous Ignorance.

We made allusion last week to the accurate knowledge of our church organization and administration enjoyed (and we may say enjoyed exclusively) by some of the great dailies of this favored nation. The text and the occasion and the proper nouns being the same, we are informed that "the editor of the New York *Advocate* is chosen annually by the bishops," and "is controlled in his policy by the will of the older and most potent of them." — *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Nothing New.

A man in Lincoln, Neb., claims to have actually seen the human soul, and to have demonstrated that it can exist independent of the body. The discovery is covered by the use of a powerful microscope. The application of this instrument to the discovery of souls is not surprising. We have all seen men whose souls seemed so minute that a microscope might be necessary to discover its special localization in the body, and we have sometimes thought that a close examination would find it in the region of the pocket-book. — *Christian Register.*

And Men are Responsible for their Doubts.

There is a democratic atheism, whose motto is *vox populi vox Dei*, but whose result is more frequently *vox populi vox diaboli*. There is a popular atheism in multitudes of hearts that prove it by their prayerless, godless living. There are innumerable souls that would resent the charge of the fool's atheism, yet daily deny God in very deed. There are fond of doubts and doubting, and claim that unbelief is more honest and trustworthy than belief; and they read and believe skeptical books for the help they give them to disbelieve and attack the One Book, whose Divine Author they refuse to own and worship. Christianity is in continual conflict with practical atheism, and it needs it as the apostles overcame it in the Roman Empire, with the word of their testimony and by the blood of the Lamb. — *Christian at Work.*

Again We Say Amen.

The men who murder Chinese laborers, and dangle dead flags in our cities and demand the destruction of their rights, are in every instance men who waste what they earn on rum and other vices. The wage-worker who seeks to better his condition and to support a decent family in comfort and respectability is never a communist. Fortunately the artisans and workmen have already learned who and what these nihilists and others of the same general class are, and are excluding them from fellowship. At present they are comparatively harmless, but the time is not far distant when society will be compelled to give them the benefit of the popular bounty, clothing them comfortably in striped jackets. — *Interior.*

Our English Neighbor on the Purity of the Ballot.

Publicity is the breath of life in the political action of free citizens, and we ought to be ready to cry "Strenuous" upon the traitor to his country who would coerce a voter, and upon the traitor to himself and his God who would protect his material interests by a lie. The tempter is vile and mean, but that is no reason why one should degrade himself to his level by seeking the coward's asylum—a lie. A neutral answer, a deft evasion on the putting of another question, a bold declaration of answer, these are all morally irreproachable. Christ is our example in ingeniously baffling impertinent and self-interested questioners. But a lie is the resort of the savage, the slave, the sneak, the swindler, the dishonest beggar, and to that let no British voter descend. — *Christian World (London).*

Fletcher's Inkstand.

Mr. James Clayton, a member of the Sande Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the possessor of the inkstand used by Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madeley. Mr. Clayton, who comes of an old English family of that name, resides, when a boy, at Madeley, and the inkstand was presented to him in 1845 by Miss Mary Tooth, who was a devoted friend of Mrs. Fletcher. It is of brimstone metal, of medium size, round, and with a glass bottle in the centre and a loose metal cover, and is inscribed: "The Rev. John William de la Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, England. From Miss Mary Tooth, to James Clayton." Into this inkstand (says the New York *Advocate*) Mr. Fletcher dipped his pen while writing his polemical works. He used it constantly until his death; and forty-three years that she survived him it always had a place on a small desk beside the chair in which Mrs. Fletcher usually sat. It was used by her during the composition of her *Journals*, her "Monday Night Questions with the Children," her "Watchwords for the Society," and all her other works. — *Christian Journal.*

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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7, 1885.

The Jewish high priest, when he ministered within the Holy of Holies, arrayed himself in garments of "beauty and glory," kept sacred for that special use. Alluding to those garments, David says, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." And this every Christian does when he approaches the throne of grace clothed in "the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ upon all that believe." At that throne the song of all believers is, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God. . . . To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

When one sees a man known to be the possessor of sterling virtues, glorying in ungraceful manners and in uncouth, not to say rude, habits of speech, one cannot but think of

"A rose-bud set with little willful thorns," and regretting that a man of so much real worth does not add to the gold that is in his character, that beautiful charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly." A rose cannot cast off its thorns, but a good man, aided by the grace of God, can lay aside all ungraceful things, adorn his manners with the beauty of meekness, and season his speech with the spice of gentleness.

It is a fearful thing to neglect duty. It is God's order and appointment, and comprises all we are called to perform as moral, responsible agents. God calls to service, obedience, obligation, and His calls are imperative. "Go," is the divine word, and go we must, or be condemned. Every day, every hour, we have our duties, of some kind, in some form. Meet them readily, promptly, cheerfully, and He who appoints them will assist and bless them in their discharge. And when rightly performed, how pleasant they become! We dread them not, but rather hail them with delight. Duties which at one period of life were burdensome, and to which we dragged ourselves with an unwilling spirit, have now become the joy of life. How pleasant it is to run in the way of His commandments! "Obedience is better than sacrifice."

Two men, the other day, were disputing in somewhat heated terms about a measure one of them held in his hand. "It is a three foot rule," said one, holding it up. "Don't you see how it is marked off into feet and inches?" "No," said the other, turning the other side upward. "It is a yardstick. There are the divisions of halves, quarters and eighths. Anybody ought to know that it is a yardstick." "Hold on," said a friend, coming up and taking it in his hand. "It is thirty-six inches, any way, for here are the marks and figures. Now what difference does it make in the length whether you divide it into three or four parts—whether you call it a three-foot rule or a yardstick?" So Christians get into heated discussions over questions of religious experience, which are little more than questions of yardstick and three-foot rule. Terms which have been used indifferently for various or the same stages of religious experience or enjoyment, are seized and insisted upon by heated partisans as the shibboleths of creeds till men forget the thing to be attained in the strife about stages of progress or terms to express their measuring-rod. "Charge them before the Lord that they strive not about words to no profit, but to the subverting of the hearers."

A good brother, who had been educated in the Unitarian faith, and who had until middle life been tending toward infidelity, but had by a spiritual experience been brought to an evangelical faith, speaking in prayer-meeting, said, "In my own house, alone in my room, I found Him whom I afterwards knew to be the Christ, the Son of God. I did not then know whom I had found. To Mary the risen Jesus appeared first in the garden, but she did not know Him till something in His tone as He uttered her name revealed the Master. To the two disciples on the Emmaus

road, the words of Jesus were strangely interesting and fascinating, so that their hearts burned within them as He talked, and they besought Him to tarry with them longer, and yet they did not know Him till He was revealed in the breaking of bread. So often does Christ draw near to us unrecognized; so often do blessings flow to us from Him, while yet we do not know the giver. Perhaps it is true, also, that devout and honest doubters, whose bad education has raised barriers of skepticism concerning Christ and His mission, but who yet desire to know and obey the truth, are thus in spirit akin to disciples of Christ, though they have not recognized Him as the Holy One of Nazareth and Calvary. Possibly, too, we may hinder these honest doubters in coming to the light, by our too rigid dogmatizing as to creeds, rather than seeking and manifesting the spirit of Christ.

MORE TALK THAN CONSECRATION.

Every little while there breaks out in preachers' meetings an extended debate upon the best plans for "reaching the masses." It is a very popular subject. Almost any one can say something upon it. It admits of much eloquent and pathetic appeal, and gives opportunity for a fine display of popular oratory. But we never have been so fortunate as to hear that anything ever came of it. Certain out-of-door appointments to preach on the Sabbath to floating crowds have been arranged; but we never knew of any special connection between these services and the earnest discussions of the preachers' meetings. We have never heard of a mission to the poor, of a fresh Sunday-school, of the opening of a public hall, of the purchase of a convenient people's church situated where it was most needed, as growing out of these plaintive and appealing addresses.

It seems to us that one indispensable human element is quite overlooked in these discussions. Wherever there is a personal absolute consecration to Christ on the part of a child of God, the "masses" will be sure to be reached. No obstacles will be insurmountable. When Judson offers himself without reserve to his Master, the salvation of distant Burmah draws nigh. When Melville B. Cox yielded himself a free-will offering to the Lord who bought him, no African fever could prevent his entrance upon his divinely-appointed mission. What a blessing to the "masses" on both continents is the unequalled consecration of Bishop Taylor! The soul of young Mr. Judson is wholly opened to divine communications, and when the message comes, he waits not to confer "with flesh and blood," but leaves his large and loving church in New Jersey, with its generous salary, and plunges into the central portion of neglected New York city to "reach the masses." The thoroughly converted drunkard and gambler, Jerry McAuley, who was lately buried with the tears of the rich and poor, the saint and sinner, dropping upon his coffin, opens his rooms in the midst of the misery and sin of the great city, and the "masses" come, drawn by a divine gravitation, to his "Bethel" of hope. If the preachers, young and old, who gather by scores in these meetings of the ministers, and seem to listen with so much interest to the discussion of this great moral problem, would retire to their studies and solemnly and truly consecrate themselves afresh to the Master's service, and honestly ask, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" or simply make the irrevocable covenant of surrender to God, saying, "Here am I; send me," there is no doubt that the "masses" would be reached.

This is Christ's problem, and He will rapidly solve it in the day when the church presents herself a "living sacrifice" for His service. The moment the church is revived, the "masses" feel it. When the great spiritual benediction fell upon the city of New York, the theatres became temples of worship, business was subordinated to the work of evangelization, and that noon-day prayer-meeting was established in the heart of the city, which has continued, like a living spring in a desert, throwing up its clear and cooling waters of life until to-day. All the discussions in the land will not save the people. Indeed, it is to be feared that we silence somewhat the voices of conscience within us by spending hours in picturing the spiritual and temporal wants around us, and in devising nicely-conceived plans for their removal. We have in the New Testament no records of any such gatherings to discuss the moral condition of the world, and to suggest the best measures for reaching the multitudes; but we have the "Acts of the Apostles," and that is what we are suffering for at the present hour. Our Lord simply said "Go!" "Go into all the world." Wherever a heart is so cleansed of worldliness and selfishness as to hear a divine voice above the clamor of earthly ap-

petite, the same message is sure to come. The way is certain to be opened; for "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

The best solution to this question is for each of us, in our several churches, to settle the great personal question of our own surrender to Christ, and to secure, as far as possible, the companionship of the members of our Christian body. Something will certainly happen if this is done. Somebody will receive divine missions. There cannot possibly help being work accomplished. The great reviving will be felt outside of the limits of the church fellowship. A portion, at least, of the "masses" will be reached by personal endeavor. It will always occur in any general movement of this character that special agencies will be called out. Men of the people will be profoundly converted, and they will be sent with a divine commission to those of their own former moral and social character, just as, in all the great meetings held by Mr. Moody, many of the wretched and abandoned servants of sin have been brought up from the "horrible pit" into which they had fallen, and have become the most effective missionaries among the hopeless, church-neglecting classes.

The one practical lesson that we seek to enforce is that we individually, as ministers and pastors, are not responsible for the failure of the Christian Church or for the sad neglect of the poor and wretched classes in our cities; but we are responsible for our own personal consecration to Christ, and for the use of all our influence and endeavor to awaken the faith and zeal of those over whom we have pastoral care. If we each build faithfully over our own portion of the wall, the whole vast field will be ultimately compassed—God's work for it! Let us not paralyze our piety or our power by seeking to do everything, everywhere, at once, but faithfully meet the Master's will where He places us, and stand ready to respond to every message from His lips.

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

The Bible Christians have recently held their annual Conference in Cornwall, in which county and Devonshire the chief portion of their work is carried on. The society took its origin in that locality seventy years since, when there were dozens of villages, and even parishes, without a gospel preacher till William O'Bryan and James Thorne began to visit the people at their homes, and to preach to them in their kitchens. Thus it was for several years that the work of God was carried on, and for doing that one or two injudicious Methodist ministers withheld their society tickets, and thereby obliged those evangelists in self-defence to form a society of their own. Their adherents have reached London, where they have had a cause for sixty years, and for the same period they have existed in Kent and Sussex in a few small churches, but their chief strength is in the south-west corner of England. Shebbear was the birthplace of the society in 1815. It is a small place, with less than a thousand inhabitants. The Bible Christian college and chapel form the chief edifices in the place, and there the Conference was held, under the presidency of Mr. W. Bray. Like the first Methodists, they do not use the title Reverend with their names, but the people commonly designate them with the title. They are an untiring body, but do a good work among farmers and people who live in out-of-the-way places, who would not otherwise have any gospel preaching; the motto of their preachers having been from the first to visit and preach to "those who most need them." They reported a membership of 26,359—an increase of 314 on the year, after filling up vacancies. This is not a large number; it does not indicate much diffusive vitality; but it is a fair showing when their extremely limited finances are considered. The Methodist New Connexion has existed nearly ninety years, but they have a membership of only 29,327; their highest numbers in their best days reached only 38,000; they have been kept down by the want of finances, and sometimes a want of real faith and courage. On the other hand, the Primitive Methodists, who began with two members about seventy years ago, have nearly two hundred thousand members.

The Bible Christians are a brotherly band, and following the lead of the other Methodist bodies, have now a college in good working order and doing good substantial educational work, as well for their young ministers as for the sons of their well-to-do lay members. The last governor of the college was Rev. John Gammon, who, having reached the full age of seventy years and more, resigned his charge last month, and Rev. William B. Reed was elected governor in his place. Mr. Reed is the son of a former minister of their body, and one of the most earnest and successful preachers and pastors they ever had. He has a fine record for usefulness in the connection, and his son already, with more advantages than his father had, has before him a rare opportunity in training young minds for service in the church and in the world. Four young ministers were ordained at the Conference, and others were received for training as ministers. The committee now recognize more than fifty as fitness for the ministry, hence they had to refuse more applications than they accepted. The general finances were reported as in a

satisfactory condition, when compared with other years.

The Wesleyan Conference had some difficult matters to dispose of during its mixed session. The Foreign Missionary Society presented some points for adjustment. Complaints had come from the country societies, Yorkshire chiefly, that there was no need for four ministerial secretaries. A committee has been considering the question in all its bearings, and in their report they recommend that to change would be to spoil, and the work as divided among the four ministers cannot be altered to advantage. It was asked that one of the secretaries reside in the provinces, but on examination it was soon discovered that such a residence would be a real loss to the society, especially because such a secretary, living away from the central office, could not know the requirements of the office unless a special clerk be kept to write to him daily of all matters. Another point was, the resolution of the Conference of 1882, by which the committee was prohibited from spending more money than was received. That resolution has so much hampered the operations of the executive, and has been so very prejudicial to progress, practically closing the door against entering any new opening, that the committee recommended the rescinding the rule of 1882, and giving the executive discretionary power to enter new districts and open new missions, as well as push the present stations into "places beyond."

Freedom of action, some debt may be expected, but the people must rise to the occasion, and give more freely. We must now take up Secretary McCabe's cry, "A million dollars for missions." If fairly set about, the English Methodists could reach that point. Our present missionary income is nearly \$800,000, and if a good case were put before our people, they could reach the extra \$200,000 or \$400,000, and the good that would be the result is incalculable. We in England are carefully studying your great effort in this matter, and we think you ought to succeed, and believe you will find this year that the enthusiasm will prompt the generosity. Your chief difficulty will be to reach a million again next year. We believe that your mission friends are watching progress, and are prepared to be generous in December should there be any apparent failure at the end. I hope that we in England may catch the spirit of missionary giving which is just now actuating you American Methodists. The committee on missions has had under consideration the furloughs of missionaries. For these it is difficult to make standing rules, as so many men die in the work before they have served ten years, at which time a year's rest is usually granted them. The committee has recommended that each application for rest be in future considered on its merits—a plan which will give satisfaction.

The establishment of the new London Mission at the Conference is an experiment which has been very fully considered both in private and public meetings. The Conference, when it knew William O'Bryan and James Thorne began to visit the people at their homes, and to preach to them in their kitchens. Thus it was for several years that the work of God was carried on, and for doing that one or two injudicious Methodist ministers withheld their society tickets, and thereby obliged those evangelists in self-defence to form a society of their own. Their adherents have reached London, where they have had a cause for sixty years, and for the same period they have existed in Kent and Sussex in a few small churches, but their chief strength is in the south-west corner of England. Shebbear was the birthplace of the society in 1815. It is a small place, with less than a thousand inhabitants. The Bible Christian college and chapel form the chief edifices in the place, and there the Conference was held, under the presidency of Mr. W. Bray. Like the first Methodists, they do not use the title Reverend with their names, but the people commonly designate them with the title. They are an untiring body, but do a good work among farmers and people who live in out-of-the-way places, who would not otherwise have any gospel preaching; the motto of their preachers having been from the first to visit and preach to "those who most need them." They reported a membership of 26,359—an increase of 314 on the year, after filling up vacancies. This is not a large number; it does not indicate much diffusive vitality; but it is a fair showing when their extremely limited finances are considered. The Methodist New Connexion has existed nearly ninety years, but they have a membership of only 29,327; their highest numbers in their best days reached only 38,000; they have been kept down by the want of finances, and sometimes a want of real faith and courage. On the other hand, the Primitive Methodists, who began with two members about seventy years ago, have nearly two hundred thousand members.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler has been having a lengthy stay in London as the guest of Rev. Newman Hall. These interchanges of visits between America and England, and also the interchange of ministerial service, if only for a few weeks, is greatly strengthening the bonds of affinity and affection between the two peoples. I hear of many Methodists from your country coming to London and the Continent, but it is only now and then I hear of our ministers or laymen going to America. I have taken several American Methodists to visit Mr. Wesley's house and City Road Chapel, and have been surprised to see how many Americans have entered their names in the visitors' book at City Road, and in that way some have learned of their own friends being in London without knowing their residence. Mr. George I. Seney was out with me one day, and he found several names in that way of persons from America whom he knew, but he found out Mr. William Hoyt, and they passed some happy days together, although Mr. Hoyt was suffering from rheumatism, but Mr. Seney was enjoying improved health. Dr. Cuyler was driven one Saturday afternoon from Hampstead in the extreme northwest of London to "Westwood," Norwood, the extreme southeast of London, where Mr. Spurgeon resides—a drive of about twelve miles, streets all the way nearly. Such is the growing extent of the metropolis. It is seldom that three cultivated ministers meet at a home dinner party, where conversation, wit, and good humor flow like a limpid stream, and no one near report progress. It was a happy evening those able divines spent together, in as complete an earthly paradise as man can desire. There was indeed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," stimulated by an abundance of the good things of this life. Dr. Cuyler had said of that visit: "The Lord never made but one Spurgeon, and he then gave the world the most extraordinary

preacher of the simple living gospel whom our modern times have heard. He and Brother D. L. Moody have reached more souls than any seed-sower since Martin Luther."

There has been quite a stir among the Jews in London recently, in erecting new and enlarging old synagogues, and singularly enough, there has been quite a flutter among the gradually dying out Unitarians on this account. They see tokens of life and activity among the Jews, while they (the Unitarians) are stagnant, decaying. In their newspaper called *Ironically Christian Life*, the editor has announced that they have a commission to convert the Jews to their way of thinking. The editor says: "The Jews can never by any possibility be converted to Trinitarian Christianity, but they may one day be converted to Unitarian Christianity." To this the editor of the *Jewish Chronicle* has replied:—

"Since Unitarians and Jews are agreed on the one main point as to the oneness of the Deity, would it not be well to let them agree to differ in the remaining points? If Unitarians imagine that Jews will ever be induced to place Jesus higher than Moses, and to regard the Gospels as teaching a loftier and more practical religion than the Pentateuch, the sooner they are undeceived the better. Judaism, moreover, has its historical facts, which the Israelite is not likely to ignore at the bidding of the Unitarian, charm he never so wisely."

It is a pleasing fact that many respectable Jews in London have accepted from Christian gentlemen with whom they have committal transactions, a copy of the New Testament, which they are quietly studying at home—with what results must be left to the Holy Spirit of God, who alone can convince them that the Messiah really has come. One of their rabbis came two Sundays ago to the writer, just as he left the Methodist church in Hackney, to inquire the way to the new synagogue in Hackney, and the Methodist and the Jew worshiped together on that Sunday afternoon, for the Jews have synagogue service on both their Sabbath (Saturday) and Sunday; but the Unitarians will plead in vain to the Jews to mate with them in their dead creed. The Jews open their synagogue for prayers every day.

GEO. JOHN STEVENSON.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The *Western Christian Advocate* makes itself quite merry over a very sad affair, through the false impression given by the telegram of the Associated Press, of a shocking series of crimes committed in this city by one who had heretofore held a conspicuous position in professional and public life. The article in the *Western* is headed, "Sympathy for Handsome Criminals," and it is intimated that this is a Boston weakness. Our confessions over a half column of ink in satirical comments upon this Boston habit of sentimentality. We are somewhat at loss to understand whether he connects this "disgrace"—a false pity for a young man of good education and fair forensic abilities, who has become a mean scoundrel—with the fine "brown bread, baked beans, and modern theories," for which he says the city is noted, or not, but they form a portion of the argument. Now all this very impressive moralizing is based upon the telegram that "Brown is a young man of fine appearance, and there is considerable sympathy felt for him," etc. The reference is to Mr. E. P. Brown, a well-known lawyer of this city, who has suddenly disappeared, leaving a large amount of money, which had come into his hands professionally, unaccounted for. And now that he is gone, it appears that some time he has been guilty of the painful fact that several members of the family have become insane and been inmates of our hospitals, leaving the reader to draw his own inference as to the mental condition of the somewhat brilliant young lawyer who has so suddenly vanished forever one of the most promising of professional prospects. It is pitiful enough, but no false sympathy has been expended upon him, or marked sentimentality been called out by his general appearance and popular address. His crimes have been characterized as they deserve, and his ruin held up as a warning to others. Eating "fine beans and brown bread," and evincing "modern theories," dear reader of the *Western*, I do not necessarily make men criminals, and it is not our habit to coddle them, even if they look good and smart. We have not yet macadamized "the way of the transgressor," or placed a mask upon crime.

The double character which Mr. E. P. Brown held for a time—on one side, a rising lawyer, with political aspirations and prospects, a popular man of society, supposed to be governed by honorable principles; on the other, a mean, contemptible, dishonest thief, withholding trust money placed in his keeping on the honor of his profession and standing in society—is very suggestive and full of impressive warning. Such a double character cannot be long sustained. The real man must ultimately be disclosed. Sometimes this hypocritical guise may be worn for quite a period, but the veil will ultimately be torn off. A man of mature years held a short time since, who was esteemed in his native town in New Hampshire, where he passed a portion of his time, as an estimable citizen. He was generous and public-spirited there, leaving a fine academy well appointed and endowed as his perpetual monument. In this city, where he spent the chief portion of his time, he was mean, avaricious, the proprietor of infamous houses, and of the lowest personal morals. The time of disclosure came when death tore off the hypocritical garb. A man is no better than his lowest level. His whole life, unless redeemed, will ultimately sink to it. No man can long keep up two characters—a saint at home with his family and friends, and a villain in his place of business. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Mr. Moody has been changing somewhat the character of his evangelical work during the few past weeks. Instead of seeking large centres and remaining in them for some time, he is visiting one of our smaller cities and holding meetings for two or three days, with very gracious results. The visit to Lynn called out immense audiences and awakened deep interest; which continues in the churches now that he has left. Last week he was in Newton. As in Lynn, all the local evangelists heartily co-operated with him. The audiences were only limited by the possibilities of the largest church audience-room. The exercises were peculiarly interesting and spiritual. A solemn atmosphere settled down

upon the assemblies. The addresses and prayers were earnest, devout and moving. Mr. Moody was at his best, exhorting, interpreting Scripture, opening the way of salvation and the high privileges of the Christian disciple, and tenderly and powerfully urging upon the churches the duty of entering upon active, personal, joyful, aggressive work for the conversion of their fellow-men. We trust he will pass through many of our chief towns and kindle a heavenly flame wherever he goes. Would that a season of prevailing religious revivals might open upon us!

An additional chair of exegesis and historical theology has been opened at the Hampton School of Theology, Clark University, Atlanta, Ga., and the trustees have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Rev. J. C. Murray, B. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, an assistant of Dr. Strong upon his Cyclopaedia. Of late he has been a very successful pastor in the North Indian Conference. Mr. Murray is a young minister of fine scholarship and great promise. His acceptance of the chair is a marked gain to the institution. It is a noble act of self-denial and consecration to the Master's work on his part to leave a prominent position in his Conference and to enter upon his present work, although in no portion of the field could he probably render more important service in the Redeemer's cause. Dean Thirkield says of the new professor: "I feel that he is just the man for the place, and I enter upon my third year hopefully and with more devotion and enthusiasm than ever before." The Dean adds, in reference to the late lamented death of President Ware of Alameda University: "I don't know when I have been so affected over the death of a fellow-worker. I stood by his cold form this morning, and could but weep with my colored friends gathered there—not because of his sudden translation from earth to glory in thirty minutes, but because such a noble worker was gone from us in the strength of his years, and because the South had been too slow to give honor to one who through a score of toilsome, lonely years has been doing so noble a work for them. But a race, enlightened and redeemed, shall some day rise to build his monument, which now he has in their affection and gratitude. I am glad he is to be buried here, in the soil consecrated by the blood of those who fought to break the negro's chains. He has been carrying on the work begun and made possible by their sacrifice of life and treasure; rearing a superstructure on foundations laid by them. I know no grander work in which a man may find his life, that he may find it again in lives made better by his living and dying. Pray for us, that we may be left in a work that is not only to redeem a race and spread Christ's kingdom, but is also to save a nation from threatening perils."

In an interesting letter to a gentleman of our city, who crossed the Pacific with him and visited his mission at Nanking, China, our missionary, Rev. V. C. Hart, writes in reference to his work, and especially about the hospital he is now erecting. It stands on the site of the celebrated porcelain tower which was destroyed during the great Taiping Rebellion:—

"Here I am peering away at 600,000 Celestials, or at least trying to benefit this city to that extent. You will hear me say that the hospital is going up rapidly. It took me over a year to secure the site, five months to fight the officials into stamping deeds. Second day of June, 1883, the city was in a panic of a false plot of ground; the next day I had coolies coming to work. The foundation is laid, and nearly a drawing by an English architect. The architect stated to me in writing that the building could not be put up for less than \$15,000 in Shanghai. I am contractor, head carpenter, mason, and coolie, i. e., I am conducting the whole affair without contract, and expecting to get the work up for less than \$10,000. It throws an immense amount of work upon me for the summer; still I am courageous and happy. The officials seem pleased that it is going up, and the people are joyous. When completed, you shall have a photograph. We have a grand good doctor to take charge of the hospital, and we shall need a couple of trained nurses. I shall expect Mrs. W. to help a bit in fitting up a ward."

The corner-stone was laid with great ceremony on the 10th inst. A crowd of curious spectators surrounded the site, and women and children stood amazed, and when I told them that a widow lady had given the money to build them a hospital, they were all sick and affixed, they became quite enthusiastic. I am sorry you did not see more of our earnest, capable missionaries while in China, for there are many more, and they are every day to be classed among them. There is, no doubt, a class who fall into dry, unyielding methods of work, men of easy calibre, who would do little at home but east bread, and that unearned; but, as a staff of workers, they compare favorably with most at home. Enough, truly enough! The hospital will be dedicated about Christmas."

Rev. Bro. Hart speaks of an important literary undertaking in which he is engaged:—

"I have another topic which I wish to broach to you. I have been for some months studying a subject which has greatly interested me—The Temple and the Sage. I have written the first chapter, twenty-four pages, and I propose to follow it up with two or three chapters on the liturgy and sacrifice. If I had not found new material, such as has not been printed, especially the liturgy used in the worship of Confucius two centuries ago, and the sacrificial service, nothing would tempt me to publish. I have a photographic instrument and have several fine views to illustrate with. What would be my success in finding a publisher in your vicinity?"

Personal and Miscellaneous.

The matriculation exercises of the Theological School of Boston University will occur on Wednesday morning of this week at 10.30, in Wesleyan Hall. Inaugural discourses will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Gramer and Prof. Buell. The services will be public. Our pastors in this vicinity are especially invited to be present. The exercises promise to be of unusual interest.

Rev. Thos. Harrison, the eminently successful evangelist, is visiting for awhile at his home in Dorchester. At his last argument his voice failed him through over-exertion. He is, however, rapidly recovering his tone and power.

No. 73 of the Humboldt Library, published by J. Fitzgerald, 393 Pearl St., New York, contains four addresses upon Evolution in History, Language and Science, delivered in the Crystal Palace, London. These discourses are eminently suggestive and able.

pared under the supervision of Dr. Vincent, and will be found at the Depositories. We trust the day will be generally recognized in our churches.

White, Stokes & Allen issue, in ornamented paper covers, for 25 cents, a very full and satisfactory "Guide and Select Directory of the City of New York." It is just the handbook one desires to have with him when he visits the metropolis.

The American Board of Foreign Missions holds its annual meeting (the 76th) this year in Boston. It opens the 13th of this month, and continues through three days. Large provision has been made to entertain a great company from abroad, and the exercises promise to be of remarkable interest.

Good Housekeeping for the homes of the world is a remarkably bright, interesting and practical bi-monthly, edited with much skill, and crowded with short, instructive, and entertaining papers. Its writers are among our best-known periodical correspondents. Its publishers are Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass., and New York city.

The *California Christian Advocate* announces the fact that Rev. H. Cox, D. D., once the popular pastor of the Chestnut St. M. E. Church, Portland, Me., has been re-admitted into the California Conference, with hearty resolutions of welcome, and is stationed at San Luis Obispo, Southern California.

The agents at the Book Rooms, New York, issue, in the neat and familiar style of the long series of the same publication, the Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church. No church statistics are more carefully gathered or more satisfactorily arranged for yearly reference. The stout octavo pamphlet can be found at Magee's, \$1.

We know of no periodical which has kept up both its ability and patronage as has *Littell's Living Age*. Quite a number of somewhat similar publications have started out and enjoyed a short-lived popularity, but are now extinct and forgotten. But *Littell's*, gathering the cream of foreign literature, with an occasional American selection and an original article, has reached its one hundred and sixtieth quarterly volume. Whoever reads its weekly issues will be intelligent as to the literature of the hour, and whoever owns the series has a library in itself. Long may it wave!

One of our earnest young brethren in an appointment of the New England Southern Conference, not far from Boston, sends in some new subscribers, and expresses his surprise that the list is not larger in the church of which he is pastor. He proposes thoroughly to canvass the families and to enlarge the patronage of *ZION'S HERALD* in his congregation. We have no doubt of his success, and tender him our thanks in advance.

We have received a handsomely-printed quarto sheet from Socorro, New Mexico, called *New Mexico Methodist*. Half of it is printed in English and half in Spanish. It contains a hearty welcome to Bishop Fowler, who was present at the meeting of the New Mexico Mission at Santa Fe, opening Oct. 1. The paper is to be issued monthly, and starts off finely. We wish it the largest success.

Rev. Geo. B. Fuller, late the esteemed pastor of the Park M. E. Church, Fall River, and a member of the N. E. Southern Conference, has been presiding at the Northwest Iowa Conference, and is stationed at Emmetsburg, Palo Alto County, Iowa. We commend him to the fraternal courtesies of our Western brethren, and wish him the best success in his new field. Rev. M. S. Kaufmann, from the Minnesota Conference, takes the place of Bro. Fuller in Fall River.

Rev. Dr. W. H. Millburn—the eloquent blind preacher—writes in a note to the editor of this paper:—

"I have just returned from a brief but very pleasant tour in England, Scotland, and France, and shall be happy to attend to applications for lectures addressed to me at the Hook Concern, 805 Broadway, New York."

Rev. C. E. Libby, presiding elder of Bucksport district, East Maine Conference, and Rev. C. B. Besse, of the Union St. Church, Bangor, passed the Sabbath in the city. The special occasion of this visit was the marriage of Bro. Libby to Mrs. Sarah Estabrook, of Boston Highlands. Rev. W. T. Worth, assisted by Rev. C. B. Besse, performed the ceremony. Our friends here home with them our heartiest congratulations.

How can our excellent religious exchange, the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* (M. E. Church, South), say that Mr. Cable, in his able articles upon the negro, has advocated "the amalgamation of the white and black races"? We have read carefully his able papers, and find no such suggestion in them, but rather the directly opposite.

Rev. C. H. Carpenter, who lately published a volume upon his missionary experiences, illustrating and enforcing the importance of securing early self-support in mission stations, follows up his previous work with a tract hand-book containing the missionary expenses of the American Baptist Missionary Union. This vigorous and plain-spoken discussion is published by Percival T. Bartlett, 43 Lincoln St. Price, 20 cents.

One of the ablest and most attractive eclogues upon Gen. Grant was delivered at the Metropolitan Church, Washington, by Gen. Logan, at the city memorial service. It was in this church that the General worshiped when in Washington, and in whose relief from debt he took great interest. The address of Gen. Logan was largely based upon his own personal observation of the great battles of the General. His estimate of his military genius and skill was very high, ranking him above the well-known army leaders of history.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for October, has as its frontispiece an engraving of Rye (England) from a drawing by Wells. Its first article is a poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, upon London Commons, and another attractive descriptive article, with numerous engravings, upon "Decayed Seats." The other contributions are, "Saucy Kitty Clive," "The Incomplete Angler," "Adventures on the Equator Illustrated," and "Aunt Rachel." Macmillan & Co., New York.

In the octavo issue of the Franklin Square Library, No. 3, published by Harper and Brothers, is a fine body of well-selected poems and lyrics set to appropriate music. It is entitled, "The Franklin Square Song Collection," containing two hundred favorite songs and hymns. An expert assures us that it is a rich collection, showing fine lyrical and musical skill. In paper covers, 50 cents. The hymns are happily introduced with short historical or incidental prefaces, specially adapting the work to services of song.

Hon. Chauncey Shaffer reports that he has just received a letter from Wm. Taylor, who states that his missionaries in Africa are doing well; that some are located four hundred miles from the sea, and that Dr. Summers is placing a mission station six hundred miles from the ocean. Forty more missionaries

The Family.

PREACHERS' WIVES.

BY MARK TRATTON.

As there has been of late a somewhat warm, not to say ardent, discussion of preachers' wives in the secular Herald, it seemed good to me, as one who has stood upon the point of observation for a half century, to show mine opinion, albeit it may to some seem somewhat ancient and rusty. An itinerant preacher's wife is a hard one at best. In the early days of Methodism the preacher's house was a hotel—in my certain and painful knowledge. For the first two years of my residence in Boston we estimated our visitors (they are all asleep now) equal to one steady boarder. But we were always glad to see them; yet the burden was no less weighty. It was with this knowledge of the unreasonable demands upon the preacher's companion that I wrote the following, a part of a lecture in rhyme on the "Romance of the Ministry," which I have often read to—admirable audiences. I still stand by my sentiments. The hero of the production has taken a wife without a preliminary consultation with the female branch of his church. Of course there's a breach.

But the church claims her, body, soul and shoes.
The circle names her "president elect;"
She calls the meetings, and collects the dues,
Audits accounts and sees that all's correct;

Visits the needy, dispenses the donations,
To each their quantum gives of daily rations.
The regged up chins must look up and dress,
And bring them weekly to the Sunday-school;

Visit the widows in their sore distress,
Thus following closely the Apostle's rule;
For the "home-circle" is a light affair
Weighed against what a preacher's wife must bear.

Must teach a Bible-class, exhort in meetings,
As an example to the younger sisters;
Stir up the sleepers by an earnest greeting,
Sharp, if need be, even though raising blisters;

And last, not least, four times a week must be,
Herself and husband, somewhere, taking tea.

Such was the settled programme given, but she
She answered, "No; I have not been ordained,
Our terms have not been fixed as yet, and what
Shall be my salary?" For she maintained
Her husband had been hired, but as to her—

She begs to put in here a mild demurrer.

The church in blank such pleading ne'er had heard,
The ancients raised their hands in holy horror;
A wild excitement all the village stirred,
Some thought the last trumpet would be heard to-morrow;

Firm as the rock that flings back ocean's foam,
She stood unmoved and cheered her quiet home.

She conquered without stooping, safely planted
On her prerogative as wife and woman;
Such heroines in this crowded world are wanted,
To illustrate true woman's rights—and no man

Can hold true views of human life and duty,
Who cannot say, "The wife gives home its beauty."

Hail, woman, hail! thou loving wife and mother,
Heaven's latest, choicest part in life's great plan;

None fills thy peerless place at home, no other
Helpmeet is found for weary, toiling man.

Hail, sweet home-circle, where at day's decline
Thy molding power, thy radiant virtues, shine.

*This is not literal (as I have known some of those wives whose slices were not worth a whisk), but figurative for gadding about.

†Let not the reader think of Spanish-flies or mustard paste, albeit I have seen some officials, even, for whom such applications would be appropriate.

‡This additional r, as "er," is necessary to rhyme with demurrer, which is a pure legal technicality.

§Bachelors will not assent to this. I have only to say such persons do not hold correct views of human life and duty.

¶This stanza was written in the sub-Pauline period.

THE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

BY MRS. MARY A. ROBINSON.

The Sage of Highgate, in one of his essays, narrates a true tale, the facts of which occurred less than a century ago, and astonished by their culminating painfulness the thoughtful and benevolent of Europe. Yet a fact not less painful than the story itself is, that notwithstanding all the benevolent enterprises of Christian communities, much of the tragic experience of his heroine might be repeated anywhere, in our day. In some directions the world advances slowly, hardly perceptibly. After the lapse of fifty centuries, man still fails to understand his brother man, but preys upon him as one wild creature preys upon another. After fifty centuries, the strong and arrogant continue to oppress the weak and poor. If the latter lift his voice, it may be heeded by none but Him whose ear is ever open to hear the cry of the needy and the lowly.

Coldridge wrote that in 1787 the city of Nuremberg "was under the guardianship of a Polish oligarchy, proud from ignorance, and remaining ignorant through pride." Evidently many of the municipal corporations of Christendom have not improved in character since that era. In the old German city lived a maiden, Maria Eleonora Schelling, who had received her mournful existence at the price of her mother's life. Her father was a wire-drawer, of course in humble circumstances, and became an invalid when Maria had reached her thirteenth year. The pensive beauty wrought into her character and aspect by a life of seclusion and filial devotion, is remarkably delineated by the poet. A heavenly peace "disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like an unshadowed moonlight; and her voice passed her lips like the flute tones of a masterly performer, which, floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player rather than to proceed from the instrument." In a mood that the narrator describes as one of those brief Sabbaths of the soul that come upon us all, "one might have half fancied, half felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own . . . the mode of its existence being for the ear alone . . . so deep was her resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of her nature,

expressed gently, indescribably, in all her movements and utterances." In his dying hour the father blessed her for her angelic love and fidelity; his last moments were soled by the belief that God would reward her with earthly and heavenly felicity. God surely did not forget the meek, innocent girl; but in His wisdom He permitted her to wait His time for the restitution of all things connected with her life.

Left desolate in her seventeenth year, this pure blossom of maidenhood sat as stunned by the grave of her only kinsman and friend. Thither she was followed and found by certain revenue officers, who demanded a search of her father's papers for the purpose of learning whether the annual tax upon his small possessions had been fully paid. With due ceremonial and undue harshness they proceeded to their task, putting under seal the humble apartments and all the little effects of the orphan's home. The frightened girl fled to a little loft, where she remained two days or more, having but a morsel of food; for the door of her place of refuge had been sealed by those who would devour her substance. The search over, they declared a deficit in the payment of the tax. Chronic illness had consumed much of the father's earnings; yet by painful self-denial he had been able to reserve intact a small sum for the support of his Maria, till she could obtain some regular employment; and his soul had passed in peace, assured of having thus been able to shield her from want. But now all the little patrimony was confiscated, poured into the city treasury; whether justly or not, according to the letter of the law, no one knew save the creatures who had despoiled the orphan.

"Like an unfledged dove fallen from its nest," Maria sought the presence of the commissioners, who had neither eyes to witness her tears, nor ears to hear her sobs and broken statements. She was told to "go"—that sad mandate of wandering and exile, which is pronounced upon the homeless and the forlorn. Alas! what a procession of wan-eyed creatures is ever "moving on" at the order of the policeman, the magistrate, and the Christian!

Whither should the maiden go? Her mother's kindred knew her not. Her father was of Saxony birth. His friends had dropped away during his invalid years, and his daughter "beholding the dome of heaven only when she left him to purchase food and medicine, had neither companion nor friend."

Possessing naught save the garments that clad her, she roved the streets unknown, amid a populace to whom "her goodness, her filial tenderness, all her soft yet difficult virtues," might well have appeared for cherishing and for pity.

The night she passed weeping upon her father's grave. The following day, hidden like a wounded bird within a garden hedge, she wore away the hours until sundown, when, in the depths of exhaustion, she again threw herself upon the earth that covered the one heart that had stood between her and the world's misery. But even this spot was fraught with danger and woe for the forlorn child. The churchyards of German cities, pestilential by their unsanitary arrangements, are rendered morally foul as the nightly resort of the abandoned classes of the community. Upon her father's grave, this delicate, helpless maiden became the prey of a ruffian, who thought to make fair payment for his brutality by pressing a coin into her convulsively-clenched hand, when he left her to darkness and unimagined misery.

The stroke of the church clock and the settling of bones in the charnel-house were the only sounds that fell upon his victim's ears when she regained her consciousness. Distracted by her fate, imagining that her father's curse proceeded from his grave upon her—her who through no fault of her own had lost love, home, security and maidenly innocence, in a few brief hours—she fled back to the streets—the streets traversed almost within her sight by the wretch who had added the last outrage to one against whom the heart and the door of her kind had been closed—no, the wretch who even then was doubtless reposing in comfort under shelter. In the streets she was arrested and conveyed to the watch-house.

Arraigned in the morning before a magistrate, and stigmatized with the worst epithet that can be used against one of her sex, she fainted at his feet, overcome with the horror of her self-imagined guilt. When restored after much difficulty, she was ordered again to "go;" but was warned that if re-arrested she would be sent to a place of punishment. "To thy father's grave thou canst not go again," cried the hapless girl in her desolation. "Go rather to the river, and let it cover thee and thy guilt. It may be thy father, in pity, will plead with our Lord, and that He will compassionate thy suffering and forgive thy sin." On her way to the river's brink, she was met by one Anna Harlin, a char-woman who had rendered her occasional domestic service during the father's illness. Maria fell upon the neck of her humble friend and told her sorrowful tale. The poor have compassion for one another's woes. The good Harlin comforted the child—for such she was in all save virtue—with words from the hymn book; warned her against her desperate purpose, "since life is short, and heaven is forever," and took her to her own poverty-stricken home. There they lived and labored together for a year or more, sustaining one another in manifold toils and griefs. An invalid husband and two young children depended for support on their exertions; and more than once in previous years the good wife, in extremity, had been tempted like Maria to take refuge in death from apprehensions that overweighed her soul. She told her protégée that once when crazed by the cries of her hungry little ones, she had meditated the purpose of taking the life of one, that she might be seized by "justice" and put to death. She had also soled herself with the hope of providing thus for her husband, who would be sent to

the hospital, and for the remaining child, who would be taken to the Orphan House. This narrative sank deeply into the sensitive mind of the girl, who cherished a passionate love for the children being had been shaken by the shocks of misfortune.

In the second year of their companionship, troubles poured in upon them. Work failed, want increased, the husband went down to death; the good Harlin, silent and sad, wasted to a shadow; the children wailed for bread, and bread was not to be had. Maria, whose woes had rendered her heart tender for others, resolved upon a desperate enterprise. Remembering the coin pressed into her hand on the most terrible night of her life, she determined to purchase relief for her friend at the cost of her own damnation. In the darkness she went into the streets, praying God to keep Harlin and Harlin's children till she procure them help by the sacrifice of herself. Alas! many a desperate creature since Maria's day has been driven by a like extremity to a like sacrifice. Before an opportunity offered for the attainment of her purpose, she was again apprehended as a woman of evil character. Hunger, anguish and afflict by this time had perhaps overwrought her brain. Finding her intention thwarted, she avowed that she had borne a child and had killed it; that Harlin had buried its body, she knew not where—this with a calmness and satisfaction that contrasted strangely with her disordered looks and the March night-storm. Harlin was summoned. Upon hearing the statement, she fixed her eyes on Maria, and asked: "Have I deserved this of thee?" Then turning to the magistrate she affirmed her ignorance and guiltlessness of the charge. Instruments of torture were brought, and the woman was given the alternative of confessing voluntarily, or under stress of the rack. Maria, dismayed by this unlooked-for turn of affairs, pressed the bound hands of her friend, and cried: "Anna, dear Anna, do but confess it. Seest thou not? It will then be well with us all. Franz and little Nan will be cared for in the Orphan House, and we shall have done with the horrors of existence." At once Harlin discerned the purpose of Maria. She admitted the accusation, and the two were consigned to prison, under sentence of decapitation within forty-eight hours.

The scenes that followed we must leave for the perusal of the reader. Left to reflection in a cell, Maria, a prey to the anguish of self-condemnation, trembled at her temerity in bringing upon her only friend a death of infamy, and of inflicting a heritage of misery upon the children she so ardently loved.

Harlin, both in the cell and on the scaffold, endeavored to encourage the smitten, frightened girl. But in the moment that the former laid her head upon the block, Maria, breaking from all restraint, cried aloud, "Oh! Harlin is innocent. I have borne false witness when near to death from starvation. I am the murderer. I cannot see my friend slain because of the false words I uttered against her." The executioner appealed to his victim. "Most assuredly has she spoken truth," answered the heroic woman. "It seemed desirable that we should die; therefore I assented to her words. I cannot now be supposed to affirm my innocence for the sake of saving my life. But any wretchedness is to be endured rather than that innocent one be thrust out of the world in a state of despair."

The crowd, gathered about the scaffold, exclaimed against the execution. Word was sent to the magistrate. A priest meanwhile expostulated with Harlin against her complicity with Maria in the falsehood. "What would the truth have availed?" she asked sternly. "Before I perceived my friend's purpose, I told the truth. It was pronounced an impudent lie. I was bound for the torture so that my slanders started; and one of their worshipers—in the large white peruke—threatened to have me stretched till the sun shone through me. Then, he said, I should cry 'Yes' when it was too late." To further reprimands she declined no reply. Maria, to whom the confession of the truth had given a new accession of spirits, ceased not to praise the goodness and magnanimity of her friend.

The messenger returned with the announcement that the magistrates considered the story too improbable to require investigation, and with orders for the execution to proceed. Harlin, with re-animating countenance, received the fatal stroke. The executioner fell fainting beside the severed head. A subordinate was called, but he was not needed. Maria, too, had fallen—lifeless. She lay cold, as if she had been dead for hours. "The flower had been destroyed in the storm, before the scythe of violence could reach it."

We know of a person who keeps this tale to read, whenever her sympathy for the poor and the weak declines. The Tartars greet one another with the salutation: "All men are brothers." How often, alas! oppressive, cruel, murderous brothers! If, with this acknowledgment of fraternity upon the lip, we ignore it in spirit and in deed, what will He say to us who said to the multitude and to His disciples: "All ye are brethren?"

CITIZENSHIP.

BY S. M. PALMER.

"Fellow-citizens with the saints," says the Apostle. To be a citizen of a good and powerful country is one of the greatest earthly privileges and advantages. What is it, then, to be a citizen of heaven—for all who are really God's children are actually citizens of heaven, as truly so as if they were already there, if they hold fast to the end.

Every government is pledged to protect its citizens everywhere, and do many things for their advantage. "All things are yours;" therefore the Lord of

the whole earth, and not only so, but of the universe, is our protector. If we are in good standing as one of His subjects.

Earthly governments are very jealous of their honor, if one of their citizens is molested anywhere; but their watchfulness is as nothing compared to that of our Heavenly Father over the least of His little ones. Remember Abraham, and Joseph, and Elijah, and Daniel, and Paul. Yes, but they suffered much. True, but it was for discipline, just as our sufferings are. "Through much tribulation shall ye enter the kingdom of heaven;" but angels and saints are commissioned to minister to God's citizens, to their relief and rescue. Once when Daniel set himself to pray for a season, the answer was given immediately, though it did not reach him for some time afterward; and it may often be so with us. At any rate, "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in behalf of them whose hearts are perfect towards Him." So you see it is impossible for the smallest event to happen to one of His citizens without His perfect knowledge and immediate interference in the way that perfect wisdom indicates. Why, I should think everybody would become naturalized!

But is it not very difficult and costly to become a citizen of this great King? No, not so much so as to become an American citizen. Besides, the Lord is using every possible means consistent to add to the number of the inhabitants of His realm. Just now is an excellent time to emigrate and commence business in this, to very many, a new country. The call is sounding all through the land, and if you who read this will "hearken diligently," no doubt some of you will conclude to seek "a better country" than you now inhabit.

What are some of the inducements? In addition to constant and perfect protection, as mentioned above, "Honey out of the rock, and the finest of the wheat" is provided. "My God shall supply all your need," and "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

But you say every earthly desire will not be gratified. Very well; will you choose all your portion here for him, or be comforted hereafter? Would you not like to be singing with some you have heard,—

"I'm the child of a King?"

THE INVISIBLE BADGE.

I saw the men in blue array
March down the street Memorial Day,
While no one questioned, "Who are they?"

For, marching thus with solemn pace,
The marks of battle I could trace
On many a disfigured face;

While each man wore upon his breast,
Making his service manifest,
A badge of honor, as a crest

Surmounts a proud heraldic shield,
Showering its owner on the field
Encountered death rather than yield.

So, as I heard their martial tread
Along the way to deck their dead,
I stood with an uncovered head.

Remembering what these had done
On fields beneath the Southern sun,
Where they not heroes, every one?

O happy land with sons like these!
Who value honor more than ease,
Shedding their blood on land and seas.

Then, as I passed along the street,
Came mingling with the drum and beat
The shout, "How many do I meet!"

Along the daily march of life
Who have been heroes in a strife
Where was no sound of drum or fife?

Who fought their battles all alone;
For whom no trumpet blasts were blown
When their dread foe was overthrown?

These wear no badge upon their breast
The sight of which our eyes arrest;
Nothing about them to suggest

The deadly conflict they have met
Before some unseen peril.
Covered with wounds and bloody sweat.

Yet these are heroes, too, as well
As those who amid shot and shell
Capture a Southern citadel.

And, could we only see aright,
Invisible to mortal sight,
They wear a badge of fire and light.

—Boston Transcript.

MRS. SLACK'S JOURNAL.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

Monday, Sept. 10.

I had company three days last week, and did not get time to write in my journal. I do think the affairs of the home went much better than usual, and I cannot tell when I've had such a pleasant Sunday as we had yesterday. I did a good, sensible baking on Saturday, making white and brown bread and baking a pot of old-fashioned beans, just the kind William likes. Angelina made some jelly-cake and stirred up some cookies. We both had to follow the cook-book, but we had good luck. But this morning I said to William that I wanted Angelina to practice at the new gymnasium just established by Prof. Dido, and the way William stormed was disgraceful to any one who calls himself a gentleman.

He said things had come to a pretty pass if I needed to send a daughter of his to a motor-pathic institution and hire somebody to move her muscles for her. I told him every one was going, and I thought he said last week to Mr. Duncan that he believed in the movement-cure.

Oh, how he did go on about girls of this age doing nothing until their muscles are so flaccid and torpid that a man must be hired to flex their arms and work the different muscles of the body for them! He said if all girls would develop in early life their muscles, as well as their common-sense, in sweeping, washing, starching, ironing and baking, beside all the other duties in domestic life, instead of paying servants for letting their muscles grow weak, we should not so dread the future of America when the present generation of girls had become the wives and mothers. Then he went on about his mother, who, he said, went over every movement ever invented by any gymnast, every day of her life, and in the going

over them some practical and sensible result was produced.

Then he commenced about his sisters, who from infancy were trained to habits of industry and neatness. He said that they didn't need to study culture; their whole lives had been spent in such work as gave precision to their mental faculties. In his mother's home he never saw a slatternly kitchen but once, and that was when she for the first and only time hired an Irish servant. He said that he never saw anything but order in his mother's home. Everything always seemed to stay in its place, the floors when clean seemed to stay clean, and the work, instead of being always done or to be done, was done. By ten o'clock his mother and all his sisters were at their sewing, reading or knitting, and he never knew the afternoon work to hang on after two o'clock.

"A pretty wife and housekeeper Angelina will make!" he exclaimed. "Needs now to have somebody move her muscles for her! She was our first child, and I helped spoil her, and God knows I repent bitterly. She is a girl who has a smattering of book knowledge and is ignorant of common things. Put her into the kitchen to-day, and there would be a return of chaos and old night. We live near enough that all the time, but you know enough to have things better, and she doesn't. A girl with a little strength and no experience to teach her how to save her strength, makes poor head-way at the helm of the domestic ship. It seems to me that if you should return to the systematic ways of your youth, and not go to work in such a weak and blundering way, your work would be twice as easy and not so disagreeable. To tell you the plain truth, Annette, and here William opened the door into the hall and stood ready to run as soon as he finished his sentence, "I feel sorry for you that you can't get a decent servant. Though I think the fault is wholly yours that a girl won't stay here, yet I do feel sorry for you. But"—and here he paused while deciding whether he'd better say what was in his mind or leave it unsaid. After a few seconds he finished his sentence: "But while I feel sorry for you, I have such a depth of pity for the children, and such profound disgust for myself because I've allowed affairs to go on this way so long, that my sorrow is in great danger of turning into chronic contempt."

I declare, I was frightened. I've been seeing for some time that I did not have such love from my husband as he once gave; but the idea of his flying at me with such fury because I wanted Angelina to go to the Movement Cure! Rosy Fitzgibbon goes, and so does Allie Goup, beside several of the girls on Gunn Avenue.

I know I've got to make some change, but I don't know what. I commenced wrong with Angelina, and it is hard to make any changes with her. She always had some one to wait on her when she was a child, and both William and I never expected she'd ever be called upon to wait upon herself. But by her having all her wishes gratified, she has never learned self-denial or had any of that discipline which poor girls always have in the effort to make home pleasant for an over-worked father and mother and in the care of the younger children.

I never did very much work when I was a girl, but I did love William, and when we were married I tried hard to make home pleasant, and was so fortunate in my servants that he never knew what a poor housekeeper I was. But at thirty-seven one is not too old to begin a better life. I will have a serious talk with Angelina. If she will take care of her room and the parlors and dining-room, I will send off my washing and ironing and have my bread brought regularly. With the little ones' help, I know I can keep the house tidy, for Blanche and Lily are both willing to help.

I've always read that a man would cease to love a woman if her house was always topsy-turvy, and I'm awfully afraid it may prove true in my case. I am sure that William is growing sharp and rasping, and it must be my fault, for he used to be so kind. I've made good resolutions five thousand times, and they never amounted to much. I believe this time I'll only make a few, and I'll make them on my knees. God knows what a weak creature I am, and may be He will help me out.

The first is, to get up early. I must talk with Angelina about that. She must get up when the rest of the family rises. Then right after breakfast she shall do her work, and I'll do mine, and Blanche will be off to school. I will not say anything to William, and see if he seems any different in his manner toward me.

ONE GIFT I ASK.

Through weary days and sleepless nights,
I fast and pray;
And of my listening Lord I ask
The same old way—
That He will to His cold impart
Fervency of heart.

The pure in heart God's face shall see.
And does not this
Include the whole ecstatic scale
Of promised bliss?

Can souls which His dear presence gain
More joy attain?

I need not plead with Him to give
Me every grace
That makes the spirit beautiful;
For, if God's face
I am to see, He will bestow
All else, I know.

And so, through days of prayer and fast,
I only try
To win that purity of heart
Which by and by
The wondrous boon will gain for me,
God's face to see.

—VIRGINIA B. HARRISON, in Independent.

Disagreeable Sundays' soft churches as honestly as the test of lapping water sifted the ten thousand troops under Gideon. Those who really want to get to God's house on a wet or windy Sunday usually get there. For one, I honestly confess that all the trash of skepticism, from Renan down to Ingalls, does not inspire such misgivings for Christianity as are awakened by the spectacle of delinquent Christians in bad weather.—Dr. Ouyler.

The Little Folks.

SUNBEAMS.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

What cheery things sunbeams are! While I write, a tiny streak of golden sunshine has crept in at my window, spreading itself over the floor, until all the dark corners of my room are aglow with light. What a contrast to my room without the sunshine! How much invalids rejoice when the day opens up bright and sunny! Perhaps they have tossed upon their beds during the silent watches of the night, waiting wearily for the morning to dawn, and longing to greet the rising sun.

Light must be very precious to one who has been shut up in a darkened room for months on account of weakness in the eyes. How the heart must rejoice! How fair the green fields and hills must look with the sun shining upon them, to such an one! Youthful reader, do you ever thank God for the blessed sunlight? When there has been an unexpected storm and some childish play has been stopped, the little one has grieved and perhaps grumbled, but when the sky clears, the children exclaim, "I am glad the sun shines again." Jesus is called the "Sun of Righteousness," and it is said of Him that He "hath healing in His wings."

There are some children who do the work of a sunbeam all day long. These are unselfish children, trying to make others happy. They will carry flowers to a sick companion, or read to them, thus doing the work of a sunbeam. Some children, too, are sunshine in their own homes—obedient to their parents, kind and polite to brothers and sisters, doing good to all around them. You can be as bright and cheering as the sunbeams. Watch over every action at school, be diligent in your studies, obliging to your classmates, and your will give real heart-sunshine to your teachers. Especially at Sunday-school seek to behave well. Let there be no laughing or talking, but pay strict attention to your teacher and the lesson.

When I taught a class in Sunday-school in Scotland, one of my scholars gave me real heart-sunshine every Sabbath. She always had her lessons correctly learned, and she was so much interested in her teacher's words, that she would creep closer and closer to me, until at last she would be at my feet drinking in every word. One Sunday her seat was vacant. Oh, how I missed my little sunbeam! By and by, a message came to her teacher that Jeanie was sick. She wanted to tell her teacher that she "was not afraid to die; that Jesus was her Saviour, and that she was very happy in her hope of heaven." When her mother wept at her death-bed she said in the Scotch dialect: "Mother, dinna greet [cry] for me. Jeanie will be far better off with Jesus in heaven than to stay with you;" and so little Jeanie went to that home where the sun always shines, and where there is no sickness nor death.

Dear youthful readers, if you want to be sunbeams, work in your homes, schools, and in the world. Give your hearts to Jesus in your youth. He will help you to conquer all evil passions, to be lights in the world, and at last you will shine as the stars forever and ever.

For Young and Old.

Hits of Fun.

.... Professor (looking at his watch): "As we have a few more minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student: "What time is it, please?"

.... "The matter is, that the rotten thing is full of moths." "Moths? do you say?" indignantly interjected the dealer. "Moths! Vaid do you expect to find in a seven-dollar overcoat. Humming birds?"

.... Why the sky grew suddenly dim.—He: "You don't sing or play. Then I presume you write or paint?" She: "Oh, no, I'm like the young man in society. I simply sit around and try to look intelligent."

.... Maid (to Irish milkman): "Missis says she's sure there's been a great deal of water in the milk lately, and that it—" Pat: "An can ye wonder at it, my dear? Small blame to the cows like this thaw-ty weather, poor creatures!"

.... At a negro wedding when the minister read the words "love, honor and obey," the groom interrupted him and said, "Read that again, sah; read it wunner mo', so's de lady kin ketch the full solemnity of de meanin'." I've been married before.

.... A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and Mississippi by saying, "Why, look here, mister, their ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi River."

.... Betsey, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen one day when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not 'actly," said Betsey. "But the fac's, I don't feel amiable 'nough to get out my own way."

.... Smith catches a savage dog on his premises, and near his kennel a board is displayed with the warning in large letters, "Beware of the dog." "I suppose," said Jones, pointing to the warning, "you have painted that sign in large letters, so that he who runs may read?" "No," said Smith, "but that he who reads may run."

.... Gay old gentleman to boy, on twelfth birthday: "I hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue." Boy, politely returning the compliment, totally unconscious of sarcasm: "The same to you, sir!"

Gems of Thought.

.... 'Tis but a short journey across the isthmus of Now.—Beece.

.... Daily Christian living is the true Pentecost.—Geo. Dana Boardman.

.... If thou desirest to be borne with, thou must also bear with others.—Thomas a Kempis.

.... Many a deep dug is dug with gold, especially between relations.

.... Take away love, and not physical nature only, but the heart of the moral world, would be palsied.—Southey.

.... And I can bless Thee too for every smart, For every disappointment, ache and fear, For every broken thought that flutters in my heart, For every burning cord that draws me near.—Macdonald.

.... If men were as ready to commend what they approve as they are to condemn what they disapprove, life would be rendered much more pleasant, and many thorns that now pierce men's hearts would never enter them.

.... Daily duty in the common relations of life is as much part of a true consecration as praying and reading the Bible.—Westminster Teacher.

.... Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel behind the mill the wheat-field; on the wheat-field falls the sunlight; above the sun is God.—J. S. Russell.

ZION'S HERALD

FOR THE YEAR 1886.

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The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, September 29.

Collision of two freight trains in the Fitchburg railroad freight yard in Charlestown, but no one injured.

Decision by the Postmaster General that the salaries of post-office employees cannot be attached by their creditors.

The Framingham Savings Bank restrained by a temporary injunction from transacting business, on account of a deficit of about \$280,000 in the deposits.

Resistance to compulsory vaccination in Montreal. The buildings of the Health Board attacked and wrecked by rioters, and other buildings assaulted.

The right of suffrage granted to women by the municipal authorities of Madrid, Spain.

Decrease of the cholera in Sicily.

Colon declared by the Colombian government to be infected with yellow fever.

Wednesday, September 30.

Dedication of the new public library at Somerville, Mass., just completed at a cost of about \$25,000.

Celebration of the 95th birthday anniversary of Major Daniel Simpson, the veteran drummer of South Boston.

Unveiling of a bust of Elizabeth Fry, the noted and heroic philanthropist, in Providence, R. I., with interesting ceremonies.

Soldiers' monuments dedicated in Gloucester and Springfield, Mass.

Continuation of the rainfall in Florida, railway travel being much impeded.

Montreal virtually placed under military rule.

Prevalence of terrible destitution and suffering among the half-breed women and children in the Northwest Territory—one of the results of the Riel rebellion.

Alderman John Staples elected lord mayor of London.

The French troops under Admiral Miot repulsed by the Hovas at Tananarive, Madagascar.

Disastrous floods reported in the presidency of Bengal, British India, and many lives lost.

Completion of plans for the enlargement of the Welland Canal at an expense of \$1,000,000.

Thursday, October 1.

Renomination of Governor Robinson by the Republican State convention at Springfield, Mass.

Decision by the President that candidates for the positions of weighers and gaugers in the customs service must submit to examination under the civil service rules.

No serious trouble at Montreal yesterday. The military still under arms, prepared for any emergency.

The Roumanian situation again becoming more warlike. Fire opened by Turkish troops on the Roumanian outposts at Mustapha Pacha, twenty miles northwest of Adrianople. The Turks defeated after a skirmish, and forced to retreat.

Heavy floods reported throughout the eastern portion of Switzerland, causing great damage to property.

Occurrence of a \$2,000,000 fire in Iquique, Peru, nearly all the commercial establishments in the place being destroyed.

Friday, October 2.

A reduction of \$12,000,000 made in the national debt during the month of September.

Dedication of the Converse Memorial Library Building at Malden, Mass.

Judge Gardner of the superior court appointed by Gov. Robinson to the vacancy on the supreme bench caused by the death of Judge Colburn.

Opening of the special delivery system yesterday; sixty letters delivered from the Boston office, and 200 stamps sold.

An address upon education made by Archbishop Farrar of England at the opening of the tenth annual session of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

Services in memory of Gen. Grant, under the auspices of the local commandery of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Washington, D. C., the oration being delivered by Gen. John A. Logan.

Meeting of the ambassadors of the Powers in Constantinople to consider the Roumanian question. No business of importance transacted at yesterday's session.

Death of the Earl of Shaftesbury yesterday.

Marriage of Miss Emma Nevada in Paris to Dr. Raymond Palmer, of Birmingham, Eng.

Saturday, October 3.

Explosion of a battery of boilers in Clarke's Solar Iron Works in Pittsburgh, Pa. Many persons seriously injured, some fatally, and several killed.

Failure of William Heath & Co., of New York, London and Paris.

End of the strike at the Millville (R. I.) Rubber Works.

The new time ball on the sub-treasury building, this city, now in working order.

The well-known house of John A. Lowell & Co., embarrassed by heavy expenses.

An express train from Quebec to St. John thrown off the track near Canaan station by a broken rail. The cars take fire, causing a panic among the passengers.

The Bulgarian unity fever extending into Servia; the Servians clamoring for the annexation of Macedonia. Massing of Turkish troops at Adrianople.

Monday, October 5.

Five persons killed and between thirty and forty wounded by an accident which occurred on the Fergus Falls branch of the Northern Pacific railroad, seven miles west of St. Paul, Minn.

Occurrence of a premeditated double suicide near the Pilgrim station in Central Park, New York, the victims being George Bessendorf and Maria Koch, wife of Edmund I. Koch, editor of a German paper in Jersey City.

Ten thousand dollars subscribed by Irish Americans at a mass meeting in Chicago for the Parnell parliamentary fund.

Appointment of Mr. George R. Goodwin, of the Boston Post, consul at Annaberg, Saxony.

Celebration of the 55th birthday of George Bancroft, the historian, at his home in Newport.

Satisfactory settlement of the troubles between the Pittsburgh (Pa.) glass workers and the manufacturers.

Reported battle between Bulgarians and Servians. A peaceful adjustment of the Roumanian difficulty to be urged by the czar.

Arrest of forty nihilists in Warsaw on a charge of conspiring to murder the czar.

(Continued from page 5.)

Providence, Tuesday, Sept. 29. The occasion of the address was the unveiling of a bust of Mrs. Fry in Alumni Hall of the Friends' School.

Thursday evening, Sept. 30, Mrs. Livermore delivered an eloquent temperance lecture in Music Hall, Providence, to a large audience. Her remarks led logically to the prohibition party, which she carefully avoided saying. The address was creditable to her head and heart.

There was a large number present at the temperance mass meeting in the Harris Avenue Methodist Church, Providence, Sunday afternoon, Sept. 27. Addresses were made by Messrs. W. H. Barron and B. W. Gallup of Providence, and Mrs. Bartington, of Staten Island, N. Y. Rev. E. F. Jones, the pastor, gave in the evening an address on the "Black Bottle," with blackboard sketches. The church was packed, many being unable to find even standing room. This church is to have a course of lectures during October by Revs. C. L. Goodell, J. H. Nutting, and the pastor.

Rev. S. H. Day, pastor of the Methodist Church, East Greenwich, delivered an address on the "Career of La Roy Sunderland," Sunday evening, Sept. 20, to a large congregation. Sunderland was converted sixty-four years ago in a revival in East Greenwich, under the labors of Father Risley, who in extreme age still joyfully strives to build up the church of God. The closest attention was given to the solemn lessons of Sunderland's career.

The Young People's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, East Greenwich, listened to an instructive and graphic recital of experiences on the west coast of South America, by Rev. Bro. Krauser, one of Bishop Taylor's helpers.

Middleton. The re-opening of the church in Middleton occurred on Friday, Sept. 26. Rev. N. T. Whitaker, of Providence, preached in the morning, and Rev. D. A. Jordan, of Fall River, in the evening. The afternoon was spent in an after-dinner social, led by Rev. Jas. Mather, a former pastor. The ladies of the church had provided a bountiful table, and some two hundred partook. On Sunday, Rev. C. A. Merrill, of the New England Conference, preached, and after the sermon the balance of the \$2,000, which the repairs had cost, was raised. No one present dared believe it could be done, but the last \$700 was raised in about fifteen minutes and the greatest enthusiasm.

The improvements comprise, among other things, a class-room for the infant class and social meetings, a kitchen, a library room, and a new and commodious stairway. The audience-room has been increased about sixty sittings. New pews and cushions and pulpit have been purchased, while paint has changed the entire aspect of things. The audience-room is pronounced beautiful by all. Brother Merrill, the first regular pastor of this charge, has greatly cheered and enlivened the people by his reminiscences of the greatest revival in its history.

At present in a prosperous condition, having the largest number of full members on its records that it has ever had in its history.

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garments. It is a satisfaction which comes into each day's experience, while poor cloths and ill-fitting garments are a constant disappointment and annoyance.

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Messrs. Porter Blanchard's Sons, Concord, N. H., have recently invented a new coal "Ash-sifter" which is meeting with great favor. From what we have seen of this sifter, regard it as the best yet offered the public. It does its work efficiently, without dust, and for every family using hard coal, will be an economical and useful article. See advertisement.

Hill's Vegetable Remedy is a very reliable medicine. See advertisement. The receipt for compounding this Remedy, has been in the family for over 50 years, and has been tested in every way for all sorts of pain and inflammation, and is a change of seasons from sore throat in winter to diarrhoea in all its forms.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness every Monday, at 7 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall.

Annual Meeting of W. F. Society, at Burlington, Vt., Oct. 7-8.

Preachers' Meet'g. at Brewer, Me., Oct. 12-13.

Sugar River Valley M. Assn. and Evangelical Preachers' Meet'g., at North Grantham, N. H., Oct. 14, 15.

New Bedford District Preachers' Meet'g., at North Dighton, Mass., Oct. 19-21.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

NORTH BOSTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Oct. 11, Lowell, St. Paul's; 12, Winchester; 13, p. m., Chelmsford; 25, p. m., Somerville, Broad- way; 11, eve, Grantville; 12, Lowell, Highlands; 28, Lombard; 11, 18, Central Ch.; 27, Lombard; 12, 15, West Medford; 28, Fitchburg; 10, Somerville, Flint St.; 20, West Fitchburg.

Nov. Oct. 21, 1, Rockbottom; 17, Cambridge, Cottage St.; 18, p. m., Sudbury; 19, Trinity; 1, eve, Maynard; 18, N. Avenue; 2, Townsend; 21, St. Princeton; 22, p. m., Haverhill; 23, eve, Barre; 4, 20, Phillips; 28, Marlboro; 8, eve, Abbe; 26, St. Paul; 15, 18, Oakdale; 26, St. Paul; 15, p. m., Barre; 28, West Groton; 15, eve, Clinton; 28, Ayer.

Dec. 6, 4, Walham; 20, m., Wichenham; 6, eve, Weston; 20, eve, Ashburnham; 7, Watertown; 21, Monument Square; 12, 18, Charlestown; 21, West Somerville; 16, Woburn; 21, Union Square; 19, 20, Gardner; 21, Charlestown, Trinity.

D. DORCHESTER.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Oct. 7, Washington; 7, Brighton, Central; 22, Pheasant; 23, West; 23, North Easton; 24, 25, a. m.; 26, Fitchburg, First Ch.; 14, Cochrane; 25, p. m.; 26, Thomson; 18, Prov., Harris Ave.; 26, Union Love-feast; 27, Abury; 27, Thomas Ch.; 16, Centerville; 28, E. Greenwich; 15, 18, a. m.; 27, Wickford; 18, p. m.; 28, Hill's Grove; 19, Drownville; 21, Campello; 21, Bristol; 1, Warren; 1, eve; 18, East Greenwich; 17, E. Weymouth; 21, Portlet; 21, C. S.; 22, Woonsocket; 18, Hingham; 4, Stoughton; 11, Union Love-feast; 12, North Stoughton; 6, Harris Ave.; 10, Holbrook; 7, 8, East Prov.; 31, 32, a. m.; 10, West Abington; 8, Prov., St. Paul's; 27, p. m.; 28, Providence, Trinity Ch.

Nov. Hope Valley; 10, Providence; 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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